And there the strawy Greekes ripe for his edge
Fall downe before him like a mowers swath,
Here, there and euery where, he leaues and takes,
Dexterity so obaying appetite,
That what he will he do's, and do's so much:
That proofe is call'd impossibility. *Enter Vlisses.*

Vliss. Oh courage, courage Princes, great *Achilles*,
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance,
Patroclus wounds haue rouz'd his drowzy bloud,
Together with his mangled *Myrmidons*
That noseless, handless, hackt and chipt come to him.
Crying on *Hector*, *Aiax* hath lost a friend,
And foames at mouth, and hee is armde and at it:
Roaring for *Troylus*, who hath done to day,
Madde and fantasticque execution:
Engaging and redeeming of himselfe
With such a careless force, and forceless care,
As if that lust in very spight of cunning, bad him win all.
Enter Aiax. *Troylus*, thou coward *Troylus.* *Exit.*
Dio. I there, there?
Nest: So, so, we draw together. *Exit.*

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Where is this *Hector*?
Come, come thou boy-queller shew thy face,
Know what it is to meete *Achilles* angry
Hector wher's *Hector*? I will none but *Hector.* *Exit.*
Enter Aiax. *Troylus* thou coward *Troylus* shew thy head.
Enter Diom. *Troylus* I say wher's *Troylus*?
Aiax. What wouldst thou.
Diom. I would correct him.
Aiax. Were I the generall thou shouldst haue my office,
Ere that correction? *Troylus* I say what *Troylus.*

Enter Troylus.

Troy. Oh traytor *Diomed*, turne thy false face thou traytor,
And pay thy life thou owest me for my horse.
Dio. Ha art thou there?
Aiax Ile fight with him alone stand *Diomed.*
Diom.

Diom. He is my prize, I wi
Troy. Come both you cog
Hect. Yea *Troylus*, O well
Enter Achil: Now do I see
Hect. Pause if thou wilt.
Achil. I do disdaine thy c
Be happy that my armes ar
My rest and negligence be
But thou anon shalt here of
Till when goe seeke thy for
Hect. Fare thee well.
I would haue beene much
Had I expected thee, how
Troy. *Aiax* hath tane
No by the flame of yonder
He shall not carry him ile
Or bring him off, fate here
I wreake not though I end
Enter one
Hect: Stand, stand thou
No? wilt thou not. I like th
Ile frush it and vnlock the
But ile be maister of it, wil
Why then flie on, ile hunt
Enter Achilles
Come here about me you
Marke what I say, attend
Strike not a stroke, but kee
And when I haue the bloud
Empale him with your we
In fellest manner execut yo
Follow me sirs and my pr
It is decreed *Hector* the gre
Enter Ther
Ther. The cuck-old an
now bull, now dogge low
hen'd spartan, lowe *Paris*,
hornes ho?